DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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SOMETHING ABOUT THE AINOS.

We gather from Miss Isabella Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" the following about the Ainos, who are the aborigines of Yezo, and not improbably of the whole of Japan. They are peaceable savages, who live on the coast and in the interior by fishing and hunting, and stand in about the same relation to their Japanese subjugators as the North American Indians to the people of the United States, receiving, however, better treatment than is usually accorded to subject races. A rough census of them made in 1873 gave their number as 12,281, almost exactly divided between the sexes. It is believed that their number is decreasing.

Prof. A. S. Bickmore, of the American Museum of Natural History, has called attention to the fact that the Ainos do not belong to the Mongol race, but to our own Indo-European or Caucasian family, and that they are more nearly allied to us than the Aryans of India.

The "hairy Ainos," as they have been called, are stupid, gentle, good-natured, and submissive, and are a wholly distinct race from the Japanese. In complexion they resemble the peoples of Spain and Southern Italy, and the expression of the face and the manner of showing courtesy are *European rather* than Asiatic. If not taller, they are of a much broader and heavier make than the Japanese; the hair is jet black, very soft, and on the scalp forms thick, pendent masses, occasionally wavy, but never showing any tendency to curl. The beard, moustache, and eyebrows are thick and full and there is frequently a heavy growth of stiff hair on the chest and limbs. The neck is short, the brow high, broad, and massive, the nose broad and inclined to flatness, the mouth wide but well formed, the line of the eyes and eyebrows perfectly straight. Their language is a very simple one. They have no written characters, no literature, no history, very few traditions, and they have left no impression upon the land from which they have been driven.

On visiting some Aino villages situated among small patches of millet, tobacco, and pumpkins, so choked with weeds that it was doubtful whether they were crops, Miss Bird was much surprised with the extreme neatness and cleanliness outside the houses. They were model villages in this respect, with no litter lying in sight anywhere. Miss Bird describes at length the "eager hospitality" she received in the house of one of the Aino chiefs. The account is interesting and raises our estimation of these people. The children of these people are very gentle and are made more of by their parents than the children of the Japanese. Hunting and fishing are the occupations of the men, their indoor recreation being the carving of tobacco-boxes, knife-sheaths, *saké*-sticks, etc. The women never seem to have an idle moment. They rise early and sew, weave, split bark, and do all the hard work, though the men do help sometimes in relieving them of the care of the children. But the life of all of them is not raised much above the necessities of animal existence; it is barren, dull and dark. "They have no history," says Miss Bird, "their traditions are scarcely worthy of the name, they claim descent from a dog, they are sunk in grossest ignorance, they worship the bear, the sun, moon, fire, water, and other things besides." Their clothing in winter consists of one, two, or more coats of skins, with hoods of the same. In summer it consists of loose coats made of cloth woven from the split bark of a forest tree, a durable and beautiful fabric.

The religious notions of the Ainos are described as being extremely vague and destitute of cohesion. With the exception of a few hill-shrines they have no temples, and they have neither priests, sacrifices, nor worship. There are traces of *some primitive* form of nature worship. The outward symbols of their gods are wands and posts of peeled wood, whittled nearly to the top, from which the pendent shavings fall down in white curls. The traveller who formulates an Aino creed, says Miss Bird, "must evolve it from his inner consciousness." The whole sum of their religious notions seems to be a few vague fears and hopes, and a suspicion that there are things outside themselves, more powerful than themselves, whose good influences may be obtained or whose evil influences may be averted by libations of *saké*. They seem to have no definite ideas concerning a future state, and the subject is not a pleasing one to them.

It is pleasant to know that about a year ago Rev. C. H. Carpenter, after a number of years' experience as a missionary in Burmah, where his health suffered, went, recuperated by five years' rest in this country, to labor among these people. Of his work among them we have as yet no knowledge.—*Christian at Work.*

AINOS.] ABORIGINES OF JAPAN.

OPEN BIOGRAPHICAL volumes where you will, and the man who has no faith in religion has faith in a night-mare.—*Bulwer.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 12.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.—Lev. 16 : 1-15.

COMMIT VERSE 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Without shedding of blood is no remission.—Heb. 9 : 22.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Salvation through the cleansing blood of Christ.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Lev. 10 : 1-20.
T. Lev. 16 : 1-16.
W. Lev. 16 : 17-31.
Th. Heb. 9 : 11-28.
F. Ps. 103 : 1-22.
Sa. 1 Cor. 11 : 23-31.
Su. Isa. 53 : 1-11.

INTRODUCTION.—The announcement of the religious services of which our last lesson was a part, continues through several chapters, and is then interrupted by the account of the disobedience and punishment of Nadab and Abihu, Aaron's sons. In our lesson to-day we come to the great annual festivals, the one first ordained.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.—This was the only Fast-day appointed among the many feast-days of the Jews. It was held on the tenth day of the month Tisri (September-October), between the New Year's feast (the first of Tisri) and the feast of Tabernacles, their thanksgiving day, the 15th of Tisri. It was a day of confession of sin, of repentance and atonement. "The services of the day of atonement were the most solemn of any in the year. On this day alone the people were forbidden to partake of any food, from sunrise to sunset; and on this day alone the high-priest entered within the holy of holies in the tabernacle. Its design was to show the universal pollution of sin, tainting even the tabernacle itself, and those who ministered within it; the way of salvation through the sprinkling of blood; and the completeness with which God takes away sin."

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Death of the two sons of Aaron:* see chap. 10. 2. *Not at all times:* not whenever he chose, but only on the day and in the way to be described. 3. *Thus:* as described in this and the following verses. 4. *The holy linen coat:* the ordinary white dress of the priests, instead of his costly, golden, high-priest's vestments. This signified purity, holiness (Matt. 28 : 3; Rev. 19 : 7, 8). *Mitre:* head-dress, turban. 5. *Two kids:* rather two he goats. *Shall offer:* present, the sacrifice was not slain till later (v. 11). 10. *Scapegoat:* on this one of the goats Aaron laid his hands and confessed the sins of the people, and then the goat was led to the wilderness and left there, to symbolize the fact that the sins of the people were wholly removed by God. He would remember them no more, on account of the atonement which was symbolized by the other goat which was sacrificed. All this, though described here, took place after the ceremonies described in vs. 11-16.

SUBJECT: THE ATONEMENT.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE DAY OF ATONEMENT (vs. 1 : 3).—What was the day of atonement? On what day of the year was it observed? (16 : 29.) What was its object? (16 : 30, 31.) How was it to be observed? (16 : 31.) Meaning of afflict your souls? Why should no work be done on this day and on Sabbath days? Describe the services of this day. Where were they held? Was there to be real worship with these ceremonies? (16 : 20; Isa. 58: 5-11; Ps. 51 : 6; Luke 1 : 9, 10.) Are forms of any use, if there be not with them spiritual life and heart religion? If our religious forms are dead, should we cast them one side, or put life and spirit into them?

Like which of our days was this day of atonement? How should we use fast-days? May they be of real value to us? Why did God appoint only one fast-day but many feast-days for the Jews?

II. THE FIRST ASPECT OF THE ATONEMENT, —EXPIATION FOR SIN (vs. 4-6, 12-16).—How many kinds of sin offering do you find in this account? Describe the high-priest's offering for himself? Why did he need it? (Heb. 5 : 1-3.) Do all who teach and preach need the atonement as well as others? If they repent and are forgiven, can they then help others? (Heb. 5 : 2.) What was meant by the burning incense? by the sprinkling of the blood of the bullock and of one of the goats?

NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What was taught by the high-priest entering the holy of holies? (Heb. 9 : 7, 8, 24.) In what respects was the sin offering like Christ crucified? (Heb. 10 : 10-12; 13 : 11-13.) Repeat some of the passages where the blood of Christ is represented as our atonement. (Matt. 20 : 28; John 3 : 14, 15; Acts 20 : 28; Rom. 3 : 25; 5 : 8, 9; 1 Cor. 5 : 7; Eph. 2 : 13; 1 Pet. 1 : 18, 19.) Why do we need an atonement? How does it express the love of God?

III. THE SECOND ASPECT OF THE ATONEMENT, —THE TAKING AWAY OF SIN.—SANCTIFICATION (vs. 7-10.)—What was done with the other goat? What did Aaron do with his two hands on its head? (vs. 21, 22.) Why were their sins confessed over it? What name was given to this goat? Where was it then sent? (v. 21.) How did it represent the bearing away of their sins? What is said of God's forgiveness of sins? (Ps. 103 : 12.) What do you note about bathing and washing in this lesson?

NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What did the many washings represent? (Ps. 51 : 7; John 3 : 5; Rom. 6 : 3-5; Titus 3 : 5.) Do we need to have our sins taken away as well as forgiven? Can we be saved without being cleansed from actual sin? (Rev. 21 : 27; 22 : 14-15.) Does the atonement of Christ remove our tendency to sin? (1 John 1 : 7.) How? (Heb. 10 : 14-17.) What has been the effect of the atonement of Christ upon the moral condition of the world?

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 19.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.—Lev. 23 : 33-44.

COMMIT VERSES 41-43.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous.—Ps. 110 : 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should observe sacred times of thanksgiving and joy.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Lev. 23 : 1-32.
T. Lev. 23 : 33-44.
W. Neh. 8 : 1-18.
Th. Deut. 16 : 1-20.
F. Ps. 65 : 1-13.
Sa. Ps. 136 : 1-26.
Su. John 7 : 37-53.

THE THREE GREAT FESTIVALS.—There were three great festivals each year, held at the religious centre of the nation; and to these every man was expected to go. (1) The Passover, held on the 15th of the first month of the sacred year, about April 1, and continuing seven days. (2) The feast of Pentecost, held just fifty days later, the last of May, called the feast of the first fruits. (3) The feast of Tabernacles.

VALUE OF THESE FESTIVALS.—1. *Politically:* they bound the people together, by the bands of *religion, around one centre.* 2. *Socially:* they promoted intercourse and acquaintance, scattered news, made known improvements in arts, sciences, and literature. 3. *Religiously:* preserved the religion pure, increased devotion and the spirit of worship; promoted religious knowledge. 4. *Personally:* these festivals were vacation times; they broadened the soul, inspired the heart, enlarged the being, kept the people from ruts and narrowness.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.—This was the Jewish thanksgiving-day, at the close of the gathering of all the harvests and fruits. It was celebrated for seven days, beginning with the 15th of Tisri (about the first of October). The burnt offerings (of consecration) were very numerous. The whole feast was one of great rejoicing.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

31. *Fifteenth day:* the full of the moon, as their sacred months always began with the new moon. *Seventh month:* of their sacred year. It was called Tisri (September-October.) *Tabernacles:* not tents, but booths or huts, covered with boughs. 35. *Holy convocation:* The assembly of the people for worship. 37. *These are the feasts:* the several feasts described in this chapter. 38. *Beside the Sabbaths:* i.e., those offerings should be in addition to the Sabbath offerings, and other sacrifices. 40. *Goodly trees:* citron and ornamental trees. 42. *Dwell in booths:* in Jerusalem these booths were built in the courtyards of the houses, or on the roofs, or in the streets. 43. The remembrance was not of their troubles, but of God's mercies in carrying them safely through the wilderness.

QUESTIONS.

About what great day did we study in our last lesson? What was its character? What festival is the subject of to-day's lesson? Where were the Israelites when this lesson was given? How long after the exodus?

SUBJECT: GIVING THANKS FOR GOD'S MERCIES.

I. THE THREE GREAT FEAST-DAYS (vs. 37, 38). —What were the chief festival-days of the Jews? (Lev. 23 : 5, 10, 32; Deut. 16 : 16.) How long did these feasts last? (Lev. 23 : 6, 21, 34-36.) Where were they to celebrate these feasts? (Deut. 16 : 16.) Who must attend these festivals? (v. 42; Deut. 16 : 16.)

How would these festival-days benefit the people politically? how socially? how religiously? What effect would they have upon their characters? Is it good for Christians to attend great religious meetings?

II. THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.—A THANKSGIVING-DAY (vs. 33-42).—When was the feast of tabernacles celebrated? At what time of the year? How long after the day of atonement? What day that we keep was like it? How long did it last? How did the first and eighth days differ from the others? How was it kept in Nehemiah's time? (Neh. 8 : 14-18.) What was the general character of this feast? (Deut. 16 : 13-17.)

III. TEACHINGS (vs. 43, 44).—What reason is given for keeping this festival? What good comes to us from remembering past mercies? *How did it show that religion was joyous?* (Deut. 16 : 14.) Should religion pervade all our enjoyments? How will this keep us from sinful pleasures? Will it diminish the pleasure? How were they to aid the joys of others? (v. 22; Deut. 16 : 11.) In what respects should we keep Thanksgiving as this feast was kept? Would such a festival as this make the people more religious?

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—Which was the first of the great feasts that Jesus attended? (Luke 2 : 41, 42.) What did Jesus teach at a feast of tabernacles? (John 7 : 37-39.) What did Jesus say about the joy of giving to others? (Acts 20 : 35.) What does God command us to do? (Phil. 4 : 4; Heb. 13 : 15.) What reasons have we for thanksgiving? 1 Pet. 1 : 3; 2 : 9; Eph. 1 : 3; 1 Cor. 15 : 57.) What good does it do to recall past mercies? (2 Cor. 1 : 4, 5.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Third Quarter, 1888.)

1. July 1.—God's Covenant with Israel.—Ex. 21 : 1-12.
2. July 8.—The Golden Calf.—Ex. 32 : 15-26.
3. July 15.—God's Presence Promised.—Ex. 33 : 12-23.
4. July 22.—Free Gifts for the Tabernacle.—Ex. 35 : 20-29.
5. July 29.—The Tabernacle.—Ex. 40 : 1-16.
6. Aug. 5.—The Burnt Offering.—Lev. 1 : 1-9.
7. **Aug. 12.—The Day of Atonement.—Lev. 16 : 1-16.**
8. **Aug. 19.—The Feast of Tabernacles.—Lev. 23 : 33,44.**
9. Aug. 26.—The Pillar of Cloud and of Fire.—Num. 9 : 15-23.
10. Sept. 2.—The Spies sent into Canaan. Num. 13 : 17-33.
11. Sept. 9.—The Unbelief of the People.—Num. 14 : 1-10.
12. Sept. 16.—The Smitten Rock.—Num. 20 : 1-13
13. Sept. 23.—Death and Burial of Moses.—Deut 34 : 1-12.
14. Sept. 30.—Review, Temperance, Deut. 21 : 18-21, and Missions.

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

In view of the approaching hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great pioneer American Foreign Missionary we give our readers the following sketch of his life, condensed from the account written by his son, Edward Judson D.D.

EARLY YEARS AND CONVERSION.

At Malden, Massachusetts, one of the picturesque suburbs of Boston, there stands an old wooden house embosomed among the trees, which is still pointed out as the birth-place of Adoniram Judson. His father, who also bore the quaint Scriptural name of Adoniram, was a Congregational minister. Soon after his marriage he settled in Malden, and here, on the 9th of August, 1788, his eldest son, Adoniram, was born and lived until he was four years and a half old. As a child he was very precocious, learning to read when he was only three years of age. His sister tells us that at the age of four he used to collect the children of the neighborhood round him, and, mounting a chair, go through the form of a public service in a very earnest manner. The hymn which he used always to give out on these occasions begins with the words, "Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord." When he went to the Grammar-school he showed much fondness for languages, and became specially proficient in Greek. His school-fellows gave him the nickname "Virgil," or "Old Virgil dug up." His reading was very extensive even before he was twelve years old. His father stimulated his ambition to the utmost. He seems early to have formed the hope that his son would become a great man, and took no pains to conceal this expectation. In 1804, he entered Providence College, afterwards called Brown University, one year in advance; and in 1807, was graduated valedictorian of his class, at the age of nineteen. During his college course he was a hard student, very ambitious to excel, and extremely circumspect in his behavior. In the autumn of 1807, young Judson opened a private academy in Plymouth, which he taught for nearly a year. During this time he published two text-books—the *Elements of English Grammar* and the *Young Lady's Arithmetic.*

But the most important event of this period of his life was his conversion. From his earliest years he had breathed a thoroughly Christian atmosphere, but during his college course he began to cherish sceptical views. At that time French infidelity was sweeping over the land like a flood, and young Judson did not escape the contamination. Immediately on closing his school at Plymouth, and during a tour through the Northern States, a deep impression was made upon his mind by the sudden death of an intimate friend and classmate in college, who, like himself, had become imbued with the scepticism of the day. This incident occurred in a lonely country inn, where, quite unknown to each other, they happened to be spending the night in adjoining rooms. The landlord had apologized to Judson for putting him into a room next to one occupied by a sick young man, who was likely to die. Judson expressed his sorrow for the young man, but said it made no difference to him. He was haunted, however, by the question If he himself were in a similar position, was he ready to die? Then he began to think about the state of the invalid. Was he a Christian, or, like himself, a Freethinker? Next morning, on inquiry, he heard that he was dead. He learned, moreover, who he was. The announcement completely stunned Judson. It put an end to his pleasure trip, and seemed to have changed him at once into an earnest searcher after truth. On the 2nd of December, 1808, he made a solemn dedication of himself to God, and about five months afterwards became a member of the third Congregational church in Plymouth.

CONSECREATION TO MISSIONARY LIFE.

In becoming a missionary, young Judson turned his back upon the most flattering prospects at home. The ambitious hopes of his father were overthrown, and his mother and sister mourned him with tears of regret.

There was at this time no Foreign Missionary Society in America, to which he could offer himself, and which would ensure his support in the foreign field; but he applied to the General Association, a body representing all the Congregational churches in the State of Massachusetts. In this way the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a society known and justly revered at the present day as the mother of American foreign missionary societies, was organized. It was thought best by this body to send Mr. Judson to England, to ascertain whether in their feeble beginning they might depend for aid and co-operation on their brethren of the London Missionary Society. He embarked for England, January 11th, 1811, on the English ship "Packet." And was courteously received by the English directors; but a joint conduct of missions not seeming to them practicable, he returned to America, and arrived in New York on the 17th of August.

Soon after his return, Mr. Judson was appointed to labor as a missionary in Asia. But he was not to go alone, for he was already betrothed to Miss Ann Hasseltine, whose zeal in the cause of missions, and whose sublime heroism, have made her one of the most remarkable women of her age. Her decision to become a foreign missionary was the more remarkable, that as yet no woman had ever left America for that purpose. Public sentiment was against it. On the 3rd of February, 1812, Mr. Judson took final leave of his parents at Plymouth; on the 5th, he was married to Ann Hasseltine at Bradford; on the 6th, he received ordination at Salem; and on the 19th, he embarked with his young wife on the brig "Caravan," bound for Calcutta.

VOYAGE TO BURMAH.

While taking this long voyage to India, they adopted the views of the Baptists, and upon their arrival formally joined that denomination. This step necessarily caused them to be separated from all their missionary associates, and from the Society that sent them out. But this separation was only the beginning of their troubles. Owing to political troubles they were on their arrival forbidden to remain, so a voyage of six weeks more brought them to Port Louis, in the Isle of France, January 17th, 1813.

Here they learned of a death which rivals in pathos the fate of Virginia. Mrs. Harriet Newell, the first American martyr to foreign missions, one of their missionary associates, had just been laid to rest in the heathy ground of Mauritius. On the 7th of the following May, they embarked again for Asia, and the end of the next month found them in Rangoon. Mrs. Judson was dangerously ill, and was obliged to be carried on shore.

When the tidings of their change of belief reached America, the Baptists throughout the whole land were aroused to action, and immediately organized themselves into what is now known as the American Baptist Missionary Union, whose receipts for 1884 were about three hundred thousand dollars. Thus there came to be two great American benevolent forces at work where before there was only one. What a history-making epoch that was!

LIFE IN RANGOON.

Here the next ten years of Judson's life were spent. He first addressed himself to the task of mastering the Burmese language, without grammar, dictionary, or English-speaking teacher. How well he succeeded has become a matter of history. He was enabled to render important service later on both to the Burmans and the English during the war of 1824 between Burmah and the English Government in India. On the 13th of July, just three years to a day after his arrival in the country, he completed a grammar of the Burmese language. A little later he completed his first tract. On the 20th of May, 1817, he finished the translation of the Gospel of Matthew, the first stage in the monumental task of translating the whole Bible.

But far more important than translating and distributing truth in a printed form was the oral preaching of the Gospel. For this Mr. Judson had a rare aptitude, and in it he won his most signal triumphs.

On April 4th, 1819, when Mr. Judson was thirty-one years old, and had been in Burmah nearly six years, the first public service was held, and he ventured to preach to a Burman audience in their own language; and on the 27th of June, seven years after leaving America, he baptized

the first Burman convert, Moung Nau, who was soon followed by many more, and at the end of the next three years the little church in Rangoon had grown to eighteen members, the Zapat had been built, schools established, a printing-press sent them from America, and two missioners were on the ground with their wives to care for the infant church. There seemed no reason why he should not move into "the regions beyond," as he always longed to do. So, on the 13th of December, 1823, he set out for Ava, where he arrived January 23rd, 1824.

PRISON HORRORS.

The outlook was encouraging. But a dark cloud of persecution, however, quickly gathered on the horizon. War broke out between Burmah and the English Government in India, and suspicion fell at once on all the white foreigners residing in Ava. It was thought that they were in collusion with the English.

Mr. Judson was seized on the 8th of June, 1824, and for twenty-one months endured the prolonged horrors of confinement in a loathsome Oriental prison. For nine months he was confined in three pairs of fetters, for two months in five, for six months in one; for two months he was a prisoner at large; and for two months, although released from prison, he was restrained in Ava under the charge of the governor of the north gate of the palace.

In this room were confined one hundred persons of both sexes and all nationalities, nearly all naked and half famished. The prison was never washed or even swept. Putrid remains of animal and vegetable matter, together with other nameless abominations, strewed the floor.

But his sublime faith in God never faltered, though the Burman Bible remained unfinished, and the work of ten years in Rangoon was going to pieces in his absence. At last he was released from his irons, and compelled to act as translator and interpreter for the Burmans in treating for peace with the English.

LIFE IN AMHERST.

The English desired to retain his valuable services as interpreter, and offered him a salary of three thousand dollars; but he declined.

When he arrived in Rangoon, he found his little mission, the result of ten years of labor, completely broken up. It was out of the question to think of remaining at Rangoon.

One of the results of the war was that the English had wrested from them a large part of their sea-coast. Just at this time Mr. Judson was invited by Mr. Crawford, the British Civil Commissioner of the new province, to accompany him on an exploring expedition, the purpose being to ascertain the best situation for a town which should be the capital of the new territory, the seat of Government, and the headquarters of the army. Mr. Judson's knowledge of the language made him an invaluable assistant in such an enterprise, and finally he and Mr. Crawford selected as the site of the new city the promontory where the waters of the Salwen empty themselves into the sea. The town was named Amherst, in honor of the Governor-General of India, and to this spot Mr. Judson decided to transplant the Rangoon mission, with the four faithful disciples as the nucleus of a native church.

But before missionary operations were fairly begun, Mr. Judson was compelled reluctantly to visit Ava, the scene of his imprisonment. During his absence Mrs. Judson while conducting the affairs was smitten with fever, and died on October 24th, 1826, at the age of thirty-seven.

Mr. Judson returned to Amherst January 24th, 1827. But though worn out with sufferings and sorrows, he did not remit for one moment his missionary labors. His motherless child, too, was taken from him on April 24th, 1827, at the age of two years. Thus, at the age of thirty-nine, he found himself alone in the world bereft of wife and child.

The time soon came when the little mission at Amherst thus established with such mournful omens was to be broken up. Amherst was rapidly being eclipsed by the town of Maulmain, situated on the coast about twenty five miles farther north, at the very mouth of the Salwen, and it seemed best to transfer the mission to that place.

LIFE IN MAULMAIN.

Taking with him from Amherst the whole little flock of native converts and inquirers, together with nineteen scholars, work was at once begun in four widely separated centres of Gospel influence, and he soon had the happiness of baptizing his first convert; and many others speedily followed, yielding little by little to his solemn and gentle persuasion. School work progressed, and here he began the task of translating the Old Testament into Burmese.

While thus engaged, he was not unmindful of the smouldering camp-fires at Rangoon and Amherst. At Rangoon he reorganized a native church under a Burman pastor, who was one of the original converts. This has since grown so, that in 1881 the Rangoon mission embraced 89 churches and 3,700 members. At Amherst, also, Mr. Judson established a native church under a native pastor.

After eight years of domestic solitude, Mr. Judson was married, on the 10th of April, 1834, to Mrs. Sarah Hall Boardman, widow of the sainted George Dana Boardman, one of his missionary associates. He found in her a kindred spirit.

On the 31st of January, 1834, Mr. Judson completed the Burman Bible. Seven years more were spent in revising the first

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

work, and on the 24th of October, 1840, the last sheets of the revised edition were sent to press.

VISIT TO AMERICA.

While working at his gigantic task of compiling a Burman Dictionary, undertaken at the request of the Board of Missions in America, Mr. Judson was obliged to embark on a voyage to America, in order to preserve Mrs. Judson's life. Her life was of immense value, not only to her husband and her little family of six helpless children, but also to the mission; as, next to Mr. Judson himself, she spoke and wrote the Burman language more perfectly than any white foreigner then living; while her marked ability and earnest missionary spirit would render her loss one impossible to repair.

But the voyage was without the desired effect. She died on ship-board off the port of St. Helena, on the 1st of September, 1845.

Mr. Judson, with three of his children, reached Boston on the 15th of October, 1845. He was ill prepared for the enthusiatic greeting that awaited him in America. Every home was thrown open to him, and soon his progress from city to city almost assumed the proportions of a triumphal march. His movements were chronicled alike by secular and religious newspapers.

While in Philadelphia he met Miss Emily Chubbuck, who, under the *nom de plume* of Fanny Forrester, had achieved a wide literary reputation. He secured her to prepare a suitable memoir of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson, and the acquaintance thus formed terminated in marriage on the 2nd of the following June.

LAST YEARS.

More than four months elapsed after Mr. Judson parted from his friends in Boston before he arrived in Maulmain. He still ardently cherished the purpose of entering Burmah proper, and his eye was upon his old field, Rangoon, just within the empire, and with his wife and two surviving children set out for Rangoon on the 15th of February, 1847.

How bitter was his disappointment when the policy of retrenchment at home compelled him to retreat.

Two years afterwards, only a few months before his death, he received permission from the Board to go. But it was too late.

In November, 1849, he was attacked by the disease which, after a period of a little over four months, terminated in his death. His only hope lay in a sea voyage. A French barque, the "Aristide Marie," was to sail on the 3rd of April. The dying missionary was carried on board by his weeping disciples, accompanied only by Mr. Ranney, of the Maulmain Mission. There were unfortunate delays and it was not until Monday, the 8th, that the vessel got out to sea. Then came head-winds and sultry weather and, after four days and nights of intense agony, Mr. Judson breathed his last, on the 12th of April; and on the same day, at eight o'clock in the evening, the crew assembled, the larboard port was opened, and in perfect silence, broken only by the voice of the captain, his body was lowered into the Indian Ocean, without a prayer.

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

Mr. Judson's achievements far exceeded the wildest aspirations of his boyhood. The outmost limit reached by his strong-winged hope, was that he might before he died build up a church of a hundred converted Burmans, and translate the whole Bible into their language. But far more than this was accomplished.

At the time of his death, the native Christians (Burmans and Karens publicly baptized upon profession of their faith) numbered over seven thousand. Besides this, hundreds throughout Burmah had died rejoicing in the Christian faith. He had not only finished the translation of the Bible, but had accomplished the larger and more difficult part of the compilation of a Burmese Dictionary. There were sixty-three churches established among the Burmans and Karens. These churches were under the oversight of one hundred and sixty-three missionaries, native pastors and assistants. He had laid the foundations of Christianity deep down in the Burman heart, where they could never be destroyed.

NEW OCCUPATIONS.

When people who have "seen better days" sit down to look poverty in the face, it may at first seem that the world has not sufficient employment to offer its hungry millions. It usually happens, however, that there is still room for one more among the laborers, though the right man may not fall immediately into the right place. Courage, enterprise, and readiness to do with one's might the first honest work that is at hand, seldom fails to ensure success.

A few years ago a young woman, whose father was a well-to-do butcher, was left an orphan and poor. Her father's creditors seized upon the shop, and even the furniture of the house, and the landlord, not finding his rent forthcoming, soon turned the girl and her little sister into the street.

They had absolutely no friends from whom they could take help. The younger sister was a mere child, and therefore could not attempt earning her own living, and the elder had neither accomplishments nor physical strength. Therefore, as there was no channel open to her, she proceeded to create one.

Everyone has seen the hams that swing from hooks in front of meat shops. They are as typical of the butcher's trade as three gilded balls are of the pawnbroker's, or a striped pole of the barber's. They look like the genuine, sugar-cured articles, but they are mere pretences—dummies filled with sawdust.

The girl had made several of these for her father's shop, and it occurred to her that she might sell some elsewhere. She made two dummy hams, sold them at once, and received an order for more. Hard work was involved, but her trade was started, and the result is thus told by the writer of this incident, from whom we quote:

"Now two women besides herself are busy every day in the little back room of her house, sewing bags of yellow cloth which are exact counterparts of those used for genuine hams. In the same room the energetic young woman's little sister and another little girl stuff the bags with sawdust from a bin in the corner, tie up the tops, and paste labels on the bags just like those on real hams, giving the false presentment a very plausible exterior.

"From being set into the streets without a penny in her pocket, two and a half years ago, the butcher's daughter now has a comfortable home and a growing bank account, and she finds the demand for dummy hams so large that she and her assistants have their hands well employed all the time."—*Youth's Companion.*

THOUGHTS FOR THE UNCONVERTED.

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God."

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed."

"There is none that doeth good; no, not one."

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

"To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

"Behold, now is the accepted time. Behold, now is the day of salvation."

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

THE BEST WAY to honor our sainted dead is to be more saintly in our spirit and our lives. The money needlessly spent in mourning apparel would sustain hundreds of missionaries and print millions of Bibles. —*Herald and Presbyter.*

The Family Circle.

THE BLESSING OF SONG.

"What a friend we have in Jesus"—
Sang a little child one day;
And a weary woman listened
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,
And her heart was sad with care;—
Sweetly rang out baby's treble—
"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour
Who could carry every woe;
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear Helper so!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear—
But the baby, singing, bade her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer,"

With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn, she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As he was the sinner's Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge,
He could take her sin and care,
And He blessed the weary woman
When she came to Him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing
Peace unto a troubled heart.

—*Christian Observer.*

NONSENSE—A STORY OF MISSION BAND WORK.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

"It's all nonsense," and Grandma Meredith shook her silver-crowned head with decided disapproval. "It's all nonsense, In my young days children were seen and not heard, and it was a great deal more sensible than this way of making so much of them. Who ever heard in those good old days of having a mission band for children? Their parents told them what to do with their money, and they never asked any questions about it, but were content to do just as they were told."

"But, grandma, it's so nice to know what we're doing with our very own money," pleaded Mabel, disappointed at having her glowing account of the Mission Band meeting so coldly received.

"Can't you trust your father and mother to tell you what to do with your money?" asked grandma.

"Yes'm," faltered Mabel, meekly.

"Then what's the use of all this nonsense about it, I should like to know?"

"But we have such good times," ventured Mabel.

"Yes, and that is what you children are so wild to go to these meetings for. I don't believe there's a bit of missionary spirit in it. You have good times and a frolic, so of course you want to go. When I was young, children that gave their money to missions didn't expect to be paid for it."

"Mabel," called mamma, and the little girl gladly obeyed the summons, feeling in her childish heart that somehow grandma didn't understand things, and she was too little to explain to her. Of one thing she was sure, she didn't give her pennies because she had nice times at the Mission Band meetings, but because far away in India a dear little girl was learning to love Jesus, and it took all the pennies all the Band could raise to keep her at school.

A Mission Band was a new institution in the quiet village of Greendale, and when Miss Nannie, the minister's daughter, came home from school and organized one among the wondering and delighted children in the Sunday-school, there was not a little comment and criticism among the older people.

Twice a year a missionary collection had always been taken up in the churches, once for home and once for foreign missions, and the children had been instructed that it was their duty to save their pennies and add them to their elders' contributions upon these occasions. But even though the children were permitted the privilege of dropping their own gifts upon the collection plate, yet it must be acknowledged that there was not any interest taken by them in the cause of missions. Perhaps if the truth were told many of them had but little idea just what missions meant, and their one vivid impression was that it was something that required a great deal of money.

"There was no missionary spirit in the church," the minister would often say, sadly shaking his head over the meagre collections, so, since their elders were so little interested in the cause, we cannot wonder that the children were not better informed upon the subject.

But Miss Nannie came home glowing with enthusiasm and love for missions. She had been an active and prominent member in the missionary society at the seminary, and the needs of the heathen were just as real and present with her as her own daily needs. Her room-mate, between whom and herself had existed a sisterly affection during the four years they had spent together under the roof of Blair Hall, was to go as a missionary to China, as soon as her education was completed, and the love that Nannie Freeman felt for her room-mate was a link that bound her to the whole missionary cause.

She might not go as a missionary herself just yet, for her duty was at home with her feeble mother, whose *failing* health summoned the daughter from school during the graduating year to take her place at the head of the household. No, she could not go, but she could work for missions at home, and rouse in these dear little ones a love for the heathen and a desire to help them.

Of course the Mission Band was a success. It could not have been anything else with any one as energetic and enthusiastic as Miss Nannie at its head. Her whole heart was in her work, and the children caught her spirit.

Some of the mothers were pleased in their children's pleasure, and though they had private doubts whether Miss Nannie's undertaking was really worth while, yet as long as the meeting gave their little ones so much pleasure, they were not disposed to criticise or find fault.

But there were others who really conscientiously thought, as did Grandma Meredith, that this new-fashioned innovation upon the time-honored custom of keeping children in the background was decidedly wrong, and they would not listen to any argument that would be likely to convince them to the contrary.

Of course people were not lacking who kindly reported all adverse criticism to Miss Nannie, but she was too full of earnest purpose to have her zeal extinguished. In the depths of her heart she fully believed that by the time the first anniversary of the organization of the Band arrived, she would be able to convince all these critics of the value of the children's efforts. The missionary jugs stood upon the chimney-pieces in the homes, silent reminders to the children of the need of treasuring up their pennies for Jesus, and the busy little fingers were always supplied with missionary work.

"Where are you going to take your picture cards?" Grandma Meredith asked one day, as she saw Mabel looking over her collection of Christmas and birthday cards, and carefully laying aside the prettiest.

"We're going to make the loveliest missionary scrap-books," explained Mabel, enthusiastically. "Miss Nannie is going to show us how. We are going to make the leaves of pretty cambric and then paste our cards on. I can hardly wait for two o'clock to come, I'm so crazy to begin."

"I suppose Miss Nannie would call this a missionary spirit," said grandma grimly, to Mabel's mother. "I never knew a child in all my life that didn't love to paste pictures, and there's no sense in calling it a love for missions."

"Well, you must admit there's some self-denial in it, at all events," argued her daughter. "Mabel is laying aside her best cards, and she has been very proud of her collection."

"Just a new notion taking the place of an old one," was all that grandma would admit.

Then the busy little fingers stitched away on an album quilt, and many an hour allotted to play was spent in patient stitching.

"It's nonsense to set such little children at work on a quilt" remarked the critics. "The stitches will be as crooked as they can be, and no one can ever put it together."

But somehow they were disappointed. Only Miss Nannie knew how many hours had been spent in patiently showing the tiny ones who were so anxious to help, where to take the little stitches that would be crooked in spite of their best efforts, and how many hours it took to privately straighten the seams, but the quilt exceeded every one's expectations when at last it was finished.

Then when the spring came each child who was happy enough to have a little plot of ground at its own disposal, had a missionary garden. The onions and beets and peas stood in straight rows like sturdy soldiers, and grew as if they knew their mission in life, and the patient little gardeners carefully tended and weeded them, and at last joyfully gathered the fruits of their labor.

To be sure some of the little ones rather retarded the growth of their vegetables by pulling them up every day to see how they were coming on, and Robbie Morris persisted in regarding his beans as growing upside down, and put them back again in a way that would have discouraged any but very persistent beans, but they seemed to feel that they were growing for the missionary cause, and must not be easily daunted.

Mabel made a mistake and sowed her radishes nearly as thick as grass seed, and having no room to spread themselves they were thin and spindly, instead of being plump and round, "Just like little mouse-tails," Mabel said sorrowfully, as she looked at them. Good-natured Uncle Will bought them, however, as he saw how disappointed the little girl was when her radish crop threatened to be a failure.

"That's a new style of radish, so you ought to charge well for it," he said playfully, and gave Mabel a silver half-dollar for all of them.

Then when Easter came the children treasured up egg-shells which they had emptied of their contents through small holes in each end, and Miss Nannie showed them how to decorate them in a lovely new way. I won't tell you just how they did them, but when they were finished they were beautiful, mottled with bright colors, flecked with gold dust, and varnished to bring out the colors and make them durable, while the holes were covered with little caps of gilt paper neatly pasted on. The children enjoyed painting them, and then they readily found customers for them at three cents each, which was nearly all profit.

After the eggs were all disposed of they gathered all the scraps of calico that they could beg from their mothers' piece bags, and then they had more enjoyable work than sewing the quilt had proved to be. They carefully cut squares of patchwork, and those who were able to do so neatly basted them together in readiness for little children in some far away mission school, where little ones would hasten to learn their lessons well, that they might have the pleasure of sewing on the bright patches that came from far away America.

"What next?" was the eager cry, and then Miss Nannie showed them how to make strong, durable iron-holders, that their mothers were glad to buy at five cents each.

But you must not think that their meetings were all spent in work and that they learned nothing about the missionary cause to which they were giving. No, indeed, the smallest child in the Band could have told you better than that.

Once a month the afternoon was spent in learning about the missionary country that was assigned to that month, and it was wonderful what a clear idea their young leader managed to convey to the childish minds of the customs, dress and manners of the natives.

Miss Nannie had a large doll, a relic of her own childish days, and each month she made a costume for it that would show the children how the natives of the country they were studying about, dressed. Then, too, she always had something that came from the missionary country to eat or to keep. Trifles they were, for Miss Nannie had neither the money nor opportunity to make extensive purchases, but they interested and pleased the little ones just as much as if they had been more costly.

When they studied about Mexico each child brought away two or three dried cochineal insects that put in water would color it a rich red, and they counted the tiny insects as among their most precious childish treasures.

When they studied about China Miss Nannie had a dish of rice prepared in native style, of which each child tried to taste with a pair of real chop sticks.

When they studied about Syria they had figs and dates. So each month, by a little planning, their leader had some little treat for them, that they would associate with the various countries about which they studied.

The circle of eager, listening faces, was an inspiration to Miss Nannie, and her animated, eloquent descriptions would sometimes bring swift mists of tears as she described the sufferings of little children in those heathen lands, or bring bright, dimpling smiles, as she told them of the odd customs and superstitions.

Of course all this could not be done without considerable work and illimitable patience on Miss Nannie's part, but all missionary work implies personal consecration to the Master's service, and a half-hearted, selfish endeavor, will never produce aught but meagre results.

Sometimes she grew tired of the constant effort required to keep the children's interest at white heat, sometimes the criticisms disheartened her, but still she felt that God was blessing her efforts to work for him, and this consciousness inspired her to fresh effort.

The first anniversary of the Band was a grand success. The children's interest and enthusiasm had been contagious, and little by little the older members of the family had been won to share in it. When they had been put upon the committees, which made them feel so grown up and dignified, and it was their duty to hunt up some item of interest connected with the country, to report at the next meeting, every member of the family aided them in the search, and thus unconsciously enlarged their own stock of missionary information.

The little girl in India was such a very real little girl to the children of the Band, that not one of them ever looked at India upon the maps in their geographies without feeling a sort of sense of glad possession, because their interest was centred there. A great many people were surprised when they entered the beautifully decorated church, and listened to the eager, bright-faced children singing their sweet songs and reciting their carefully prepared pieces. And then how surprised people looked when the childish secretary, in a sweet, clear voice, read the report of the work done during the year.

One hundred dollars had been accumulated by the savings in the jugs, and the proceeds of eggs, gardens and holders, and a great amount and variety of work had been accomplished by the busy little fingers. "Well if those children have accomplished all this, it is time we set to work," said one who had laughed at the idea of children really accomplishing anything; and Miss Nannie congratulated herself that the Band had spoken for itself, and convinced many an incredulous heart of its usefulness. And Grandma Meredith? She was there and saw the pretty church, heard the sweet singing and speaking, and the secretary's jubilant report and—was convinced, of course, you say. Alas and alas! that I must tell the truth! She would not be convinced, but thought grimly as she left the church, "Nonsense." Dear band leader, there will always be some who will not share your enthusiasm and believe in the value of the work you are doing, so do not be discouraged. You know by the results whether it is work for the master or nonsense.—*Christian at Work.*

WHAT YOU ESCAPE.

"If there are children that are sometimes impatient of parental restraint, let me say to them, you do not know what temptation you are under and, if held back by your mother, if held back by your father, you shall escape the knowledge of the wickedness that is in the world, you will have occasion, by-and-by, to thank God for that more than for silver or for gold or for houses or for lands.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

John Smith is a neighbor of mine, but no relation. He is a good farmer, but—Well, I will let him tell his own story. He came to me the other day, and said:

"I want you to advise me what to do. We are having awful times over at my house. The boys are falling into bad habits. The girls are guddling about all the time. My wife is as cross as a bear. She says it is all my fault that the children don't do better, and that I have nobody but myself to blame. But you know that I have always been a sober, hard-working man. I have made a good living for my family, and I can't see why things turn out so. What do you think I ought to do?"

"Shall I tell you just what I think?"

"Yes."

"Well, John, my opinion is that if you had been as good a husbandman indoors as you are out of doors, your family would be in as good condition as your farm is. You know that the Bible calls the farmer a husbandman, and we speak of farming as husbandry. And I take it, the idea is that a man ought to care for and cultivate his land just as he does his home. But if you had treated your farm as you have treated your home, it would be all overgrown with weeds and thistles."

"What do you mean by cultivating my home? I understand about cultivating land. But that is a very different thing from cultivating people."

"I am not so sure of that. Let us look at the matter. Soon after you bought your farm you married your wife. In becoming a husband, you assumed in regard to her the duties of a husbandman. She expected you to study her capabilities and her wants as you studied your fields. Your idea when you looked on your land was, How can I make it most productive, and yet keep it in good heart? If you saw the crops beginning to grow light, you manured fallowed, or changed the seed. But did you study your wife in that way? Did you ever think that she needed encouragement? Did you ever see how she was drooping from the monotony of her daily toil and cares, and try to give her a change? Did you ever say, 'Come, Sarah, we will take a journey to the mountains or to the seashore and rest awhile.' I tell you, John, people need summer fallowing as well as land. And if they don't get it now and then, their spirits grow worn and weary, and the crop of comfort for them, and for those who are dependent on them will be very light. Nay, in spite of themselves, they will get to be irritable. You say that your wife is cross. Don't you see why? She was a young, light-hearted girl. She loved you, and thought that you loved her. But after you married her, how did you treat her? Did you cultivate her, or did you neglect her? Didn't you act just as if she had nothing to expect of you but to keep the family supplied with provisions, and to eat your meals when she had prepared them? And didn't you sometimes grumble, even when she wanted money for things necessary to the comfort of the family? And didn't you complain of her cooking, when she was doing the best she could to please you? Now, just remember how much more careful you were of your land than of your wife! how much more time you spent in trying to mellow it and smooth it, and to find seeds adapted to it, than you spent in trying to make her happy, and you will see why you have such a harvest of thistles, when you might have had wheat and fruit and flowers!

"And then about the children. You are the best man I know of to handle horses. I have often wondered at your patience with your colts. You seem never to get tired of petting and taming them. You are so kind to them, and yet so firm with them, that by the time they are old enough to work, they will do anything you want them to. That pair of bay geldings that you drive is the finest team in the country, and it is because you have taken such pains in breaking them. Now, if you had done as well by your children as you have by your colts, they would be just as nice girls and boys. But while you petted your colts, you repelled your children. I have seen little Johnny come to you when you were in a corral trying to gentle the horses, and you would order him away harshly and then turn and speak as softly and caressingly to the beasts as a mother talks to her babes. You know that if you had spoken to the horses as you spoke to Johnny, you would have spoiled them. Is it any wonder, then, that you have spoiled him?

"I tell you, John, your wife is right. You have nobody but yourself to blame. You have been a good land farmer, but a careless and shiftless house farmer. You have been a first-rate husbandman, but a very indifferent husband and father. And you are reaping just what you sowed. Now, my advice to you is to do just as you would if you had a field that had been neglected until it was covered with underbrush and thistles. Clear the land and begin to cultivate it. Take an interest in your wife and children, and it may not be too late for you to secure a happy home. Be kind to your boys and girls, and yet firm with them, as you are with your horses, and they will learn to love you and to obey you."

I write out the substance of this conversation because I am afraid that there are a good many such John Smiths in the world. Men who have homes ought to know how to husband them. Husband is defined by Webster, "To use in the manner best suited to produce the greatest effects." Every head of a family has a grand opportunity. What noble men and women have gone forth from the well-cultivated homes of Christendom to bless their country and the world! All our homes should be the nurseries of plants of righteousness. But to have a good nursery one must devote time and thought and toil to it. It won't grow and flourish of itself, uncared for. Neither will a home.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

THE HOUSE OR THE HOME?

BY MRS. M. C. RANKIN.

"Why did you bring them in here, John?" —Mrs. Markham of all people in the world? You know what a perfect housekeeper she is. What must she have thought of this room?" said Mrs. Wood to her husband, as the front door closed on the neighbors who had been making an evening call.

Mr. Wood smiled in his happiest manner as he answered, "It was just because it was the Markhams that I brought *them* into this cosy sitting-room. I wanted *them to see* what a home was like. I don't care a fig whether their house is always in order or not; I know there isn't a corner in it that compares with this room." And with loving eyes he looked around the cheery living-room in which books, magazines, papers, games, toys and work-basket gave evidence of the occupations of the inmates. "I wanted," he continued, "Tom Markham to have a good time once in his life; for I don't believe he's ever happy in that great house where he never dares to move for fear of putting something out of order. Didn't you see how he enjoyed it? I knew he wanted to help Jack with his kite, he could hardly keep his eyes off the boy. Poor Tom! to think their only boy should have run away! I don't wonder they both look old and worn."

Mr. Wood sighed and his wife hastened to say, "Oh, I didn't really care, only I thought it would seem like dreadful confusion to them, the children get so many things around."

"But they don't run away," rejoined the husband. "You know they seldom wish to go out evenings, and I know that you are a perfect home maker, and that's worth far more than mere housekeeping."

Oh that all mothers realized this! I thought, as my mind followed the Markhams to their perfectly ordered but dreary house, unworthy the name of home. Nowadays almost every newspaper has a household department, filled with rules and directions concerning all kinds of work, from dish-washing to the furnishing and care of the guest-chamber. But is there enough said about home-making?

There is no doubt of the importance of good housekeeping; no doubt, too, that many women have sadly neglected their duties in this line, and that some have been moved to reform by the popular agitation of the subject. But do we not know "perfect housekeepers" who make their husbands' lives a burden, and sour the dispositions of their children not yet in their teens?

The majority of women are not rich; many add to their myriad housekeeping duties the care and training of children, with only a "general housework" girl to help along. Let such women attempt to keep house in accordance with the strict rules laid down by the writers on housekeeping, and who will blame them if they never get beyond the daily routine?

I have read of a woman, with a husband and five children, who did all her own work, kept her house always in perfect order from garret to cellar, never neglected her children's manners, morals or clothes, excelled as a cook, was always informed as to the contents of newspapers, magazines and the latest book, and was never known to appear cross or discouraged. There may be such women, I never saw one. Certainly they are not and never can be numerous. For the vast majority there is a limit to time and strength. Some things must be neglected.

The question then is, which shall suffer, the house or the home?

Surely no true woman would decide in favor of the former. And what man does not enjoy a bright, cheerful, happy home, with a wife not too tired to show her interest in all that concerns him and the children, even if some sweeping and dusting have been neglected, and the table lacks elaborately prepared dishes?

"Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"—*Christian at Work.*

MOTHER'S DAY.

She was a woman of about sixty, the wife of a Pennsylvania farmer. There was not a picturesque or unusual point about her; she was tall, lean and round-shouldered. Indeed, as she walked with long, loping strides from the kitchen to the cellar, the cow-yard or the wood-shed, she bore an absurd likeness to the gaunt hound that followed her.

Her day was not eventful. She rose at four in the morning, and made up the fires in the stoves. Her husband and sons were asleep. "Men," she said, "hated housework." She did not call the girls until breakfast was nearly ready, because "young things needed sleep." She milked five cows before the sun was fairly up.

The farmer, his five children and two farm-hands sat down to breakfast, and she poured out the coffee and baked the cakes which they ate. After they had finished she ate her own breakfast, if she cared for any. Then came washing or ironing or scrubbing or baking until it was time for the heavy noon meal which she cooked. Her daughters used sometimes to help a little, but in an idling, half-hearted way. Sometimes she would drive them out with a queer, pathetic smile.

"Young folks like pleasure. They ought to have their fun" she would say.

There was the morning's work to finish after the dinner was over. It was a large farm, and the men were hearty eaters. She "laid down" great quantities of meats and canned and dried vegetables.

After supper was over, everybody found some recreation but mother. The farmer smoked, the young people visited the neighbors or gathered at one end of the porch chattering and laughing. Mother was inside at work, sewing or with her great basket of stockings.

She would look out at them smiling.

"They like their fun," she would say. She looked at them again sometimes as if, old as she was, she would like some fun too, but she never joined them. They were with the friends whom they had made at college and school. Mother had been very little at school when she was young. Besides, she had no time for idling. Sometimes when she was making shirts for the boys, she worked until midnight.

One evening her youngest girl read her a story, which she thought would suit her mother's intellect. It touched and pleased her greatly. She spoke of it for a year afterward.

One of her days was like all the others, except the Sunday, when she had time to go to church. She was very happy there, but especially when they sang any hymn which she had known as a girl; she would join, scarcely above her breath, for she knew her voice was cracked.

When strangers remarked that she was growing thin, her children replied that it was no wonder. Mother's energy would wear the flesh from any woman's body. Her appetite failed, the very smell of the salt meat and cabbage which she cooked nauseated her. She used to listen eagerly when they talked of the fruits which could be bought in the city. But nobody noticed it. "Mother" had always been the motive power, which had kept the whole machinery in motion. It never occurred to anybody that the power could be exhausted.

One day, however, when they came down to breakfast, the table was not spread, and no fires were lighted. For the first time in her life, when she was needed, mother lay in her bed still and quiet. She would never work for them more.

After they had buried her they knew how much they had loved her. Their grief was sincere and deep. They never wearied in talking of her unfailing gentleness, her tender patience, her perfect unselfishness.

None of them seemed to think, however, that by any efforts of theirs they could have kept her with them still, loving, patient and unselfish.

Our homely story is a true one. We have told it with a purpose. Are there no such mothers and children as these in the farm-houses which the *Companion* enters?—*Youth's Companion.*

NIGHT LIGHTS.

The common practice of having night light in the bed rooms of children of well-to-do parents is deprecated by Dr. Robert H. Bakewell. He says that it has a most injurious effect upon the nervous system of young children. "Instead of the perfect rest the optic nerves ought to have, and which nature provides for by the darkness of the night, these nerves are perpetually stimulated, and of course the brain and the rest of the nervous system suffers.

PUZZLES.—No. 16.

CHARADE.

My first I freely own,
And you may prove it true
When left to stand alone
No harm nor good can do.

When *workers* do unite
To labor hand in hand,
Though wrong may be their cause,
Foremost my *first* doth stand.

My second will not stay
Where social life intrudes,
But hides herself away
In gloomy solitudes.

Alack! what noisy play!
Small boy my *third* doth own:
Dismayed I turn away,
And sigh to be alone.

With hidden meaning fraught
My *whole* may puzzle you;
In fact, my whole is wrought
With puzzler's end in view.

INSERTED WORDS.

1. Insert a *profession* between two consonants and make defects.
2. Insert a part of the head between two consonants and make the duty of a scholar.
3. Insert a low word between two consonants and make a low fellow.
4. Insert a tumult between two consonants and make a hat expression of the face.
5. Insert an animal between *two consonants* and make a disease.
6. Insert the same animal between two consonants *and make* a household sum.
7. Insert a small creature between a consonant and a vowel and make a basket.
8. Insert a boy between a consonant and a vowel, and make a sharp thing.

A CHARADE.

1. * * * A teacher of wisdom in Nature.
2. * * * Found in every *circle*.
3. * * * An unwelcome motion.

My whole is a sea.

REVERSAL.

I am composed of letters six.
Denoting strength of sticks or stickes;
Reverse a third by puzzler's art,
And sticks or stakes shall *fall* apart.

WORD BUILDING.

We will start with nothing, add a letter, we have a connecting link; add another, a substance found in mines; prefix another, it is painful; add another, it is wonderfully increased; add another, it is the most painful of all.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 15.

CHARADE.—Corn-crib.

A STRING OF FISH.—Graining, flounder, fatherlasher, dugong, dorce, globe-fish, dolphin, flying-gurnard, king of the herrings.

DROP-LETTER VERSE—

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

A LADDER.—

L
A R D
H A R T
P A R T
B A R D
M A R T
Y A R D
W A R P
A R E
M A R Y
Y A R N

TRANSPOSITION.—Temperance.

WHAT IS HE? BIRD OR NOT?

BY EESUNG EYLISS.

New South Wales comes up sharp and clear before my eyes when I look at this beautiful drawing, for that is the country where these strange little fellows live. Strange and odd they are, sure enough, and yet they are not much more so than almost everything around them when they are at home.

Doubtless many of you, in your reading, have learned what a wonderful region that land of Australia is, and how all the trees and the birds are entirely unlike any that we see. Did you ever see anything that appeared to be half bird and half beast? No, I know you never did; and yet here is a true picture of what you might find any day, or rather any evening, by watching, as I will tell you.

Close behind the town of Sydney comes the Paramatta River, winding around and entering the harbor. On the west side of it is a little stream called Leaf Creek. I do not know how it is now, but I will tell you what used to be there, and what you and I could find if we went out there together. We will start about sunset, for there will be but little use in going during the day. The little fellows that we want to find are in their burrows fast asleep almost always all day long, and come out only just at night. We will go perhaps half a mile up the stream till we find a place where the trees are quite thick and make a heavy shade over the still water. Sit down now and watch.

Before we have been there many minutes we see something swimming toward the bank, and as we keep perfectly quiet it comes up and creeps out close to us. It is a beautiful animal, about as large as a musk-rat and looking somewhat like one, the size, we will say, of a half-grown kitten. He is of a fine brown color above and lighter below, with very delicate soft fur. His legs are short and stout, but you see that he can run briskly, and if another comes up and they begin to play, as they are very apt to do, just as likely as not they will go scampering up one of the trees, almost like squirrels, for their claws are sharp, and yet their feet are webbed almost like a duck's. And this is not all, for they have a mouth which seems a perfect copy of a duck's bill, and, in fact, they have almost always been called in the books duck-billed platypus, though the English settlers here on the Paramatta always speak of them as water moles, while the natives of the country call them mullingong. Their scientific name, as you see in the drawing, is *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*.

Now perhaps you think this drawing is only a fancy sketch; but you are mistaken, for I will tell you where you can find it. If ever you have an opportunity go to the Museum of Natural History, on the west side of the Central Park, in New York city, and on the left-hand side of the room which you first enter you will see a large glass case, and Mr. Beard has simply made an accurate drawing of what you will see in the case.

These are the specimens of ornithorhynchus prepared and stuffed with very remarkable skill. They look actually as though they were alive. One is rolled up, with his tail wrapped over his face, for that is the way in which they sometimes sleep, though at other times they sleep lying over on their backs, like that one up above, as you may probably have seen your kitten sleep.

One is climbing up over the branch of a tree, one is creeping down the bank, one is apparently swimming under water, though it is only glass which looks like water. There is the bank, too, with a hole broken into it to show the burrows which they make. These burrows are sometimes twenty feet long, and the outer part is high and dry with a nice warm nest, while the other end opens under the water.

Now look down in the right hand corner. I am afraid Mr. Beard has put a little fancy into that. It is true he has drawn you a head of a duck and of a water mole, as well as a foot of each of them, which are all right. But he is a funny man, Mr. Beard is. Look at that duck up above that has caught up a poor ornithorhynchus by the tail. I am doubtful if Mr. Beard ever saw anything like that, any more than he did that old duck in the other picture, who is scolding away at such a vigorous rate at her four-footed relative who is coming up out of the water.—*Harper's Young People.*

A PLEA FOR THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

Even the kind-hearted John Burroughs has given a reluctant assent to the popular verdict against the English sparrow. But a popular outcry is not always well-founded. The noisy, pugnacious, often greedy, little bird has such a host of enemies that it is only manly to see if popular prejudice is not going too far, and whether or not the English sparrow is a wholly bad bird.

Some years ago I lived in a town in Western New York, not far from Rochester. In my garden was a fine peach-tree, full of blossoms. As I lived in the outskirts of the town, a sparrow at that time seldom had been seen in the garden.

One day a neighbor, not two blocks away, said to me: "The English sparrows are destroying all the peach-blossoms! Smith and his boys are shooting all that come in his yard. But I won't fight the birds. As I can afford it, I prefer to buy my peaches."

"Smith and his boys" saved the blossoms but got barely fifty peaches from a dozen trees and those were mostly too wormy to be used. My tree, untouched by the "blossom destroyers," had less than a dozen peaches, and they were wormy; while the friend who allowed the English sparrows to work their own sweet will had about a half-bushel of fair-cheeked, full sized, beautiful peaches.

At the time when the blossoms were covering the trees, I had a newspaper controversy (through a Geneva journal) with a Rochester fruit-grower on this same subject, for I had examined hundreds of blossoms and found the germ of some insect in most of them. I insisted then, and still do insist, that the sparrows destroyed only such blossoms as not only would have destroyed the fruit for that year, but for many subsequent years. There are portions of Illinois in which farmers are unable to raise wheat on account of the insect known as weevil. But a great outcry is made that the English sparrow destroys wheat! How many have made any examination of what was being destroyed in order to tell positively whether the wheat was sound or not? Now, sons of farmers, you may help settle the question. It is not an unknightly deed to defend the character of an unpopular bird.

Put down in a clear space one peck of sound wheat; then ten feet away put down one peck of wheat that is full of weevil; then stand back and wait and just notice what the sparrows do.

I believe that you will find that invariably the diseased wheat will be eaten first. If the birds are very hungry they may afterwards take the good wheat. But even boys eat as long as they are hungry.

For centuries the crow, too, has been shot at, destroyed and abused by men; and to-day how few know—or will believe the good that crows do in agriculture. I refuse to let any one disturb crows when they settle on a newly-planted corn-field, and my neighbors, here in Southern Maryland, have to replant far more than I do. I do not dispute that the crows take some toll for destroying the cut-worms: but I think them entitled to as much as they take.

I took a neighbor through his own cornfield and offered him a dollar for every ear of corn (not yet fully ripe) which had been partially eaten by the crows but which did not show traces of the corn-worm. He could not find one from which the crow had not first taken the worm. In no case could a sound ear be found that had been disturbed by the crows. Still the same man continues to shoot the crows.

Entomology and ornithology, in their practical application, are branches of agriculture, and there is need of much post-graduate study in the gardens and fields. These sciences can not be fully learned in the schools.—*L. J. Atwater, in Wide Awake.*

AN UNNOTICED HERO'S FATE.

Not very long ago the writer made the acquaintance of one of those men of faith who spend their lives in the study of aerostatics, and devote their energies to devising a practical method of navigating the air. Unfortunately, these men receive only derision for their pursuit of what the world deems a wild idea.

Professor Cardon, the gentleman referred to, has been for the last quarter of a century a persistent inventor of "air-ships," and if he has not yet fully solved the problem of aerial travel, it has certainly not been because he has not studied it industriously and profoundly. Nor have "temporary failures" shaken his faith in the ultimate success of himself or some other person. There may come a day when these same men of faith and devotion will be remembered and honored, but not this year, nor, probably, by this generation of people.

In a recent conversation with the professor, I was not a little interested in the story he related of the fate of a youthful comrade, one of the unnoticed heroes who have given their lives to save others. We were speaking of parachutes, or rather I had asked the professor whether he ever made use of these devices.

"Not within the last twenty-five years; never, in fact, since poor Burt McClintock fell with one," he replied. "That was twenty-seven years ago. He fell and lost his life, as you may possibly remember, on the west shore of Chesapeake Bay.

"Aerial navigation was more of a novelty in this country then than it is now. McClintock and I were youngsters, hardly turned twenty, and we were in a kind of junior partnership with the somewhat noted Professor Herndon, one of the pioneers of aeronautics in America.

"The professor owned a balloon, which he had christened the "Chariot of the Sky." He had got somewhat out of the way of making ascents himself, but he used to send McClintock and me out whenever a profitable engagement could be made. We thus served, for two or three years, a sort of apprenticeship under him.

"Public ascents have always to be made as showy and attractive as possible. During the second year, we introduced the parachute as a novel feature.

"No doubt every one knows what a parachute is: a contrivance for descending to the earth when at a great height. The word is French, and, indeed, the device is a French one, as is almost everything else about balloons. Monsieur Garnerin, in 1802, was the first man who ever let himself drop from a balloon with a parachute. He descended from his balloon when at a height of twelve hundred feet, and was fortunate enough to come to the ground unhurt.

"A parachute is something like a great umbrella, twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, having a little car at the end of the umbrella-stick, so to speak, to stand in, while at the ends of the 'ribs' are strong cords running down to the car. Like an umbrella, too, it is made to shut up. The covering is of strong strips of silk, or light leather, sewn together, and fastened up at the apex to a circular piece of wood or metal. In some parachutes there is a small orifice in the piece of wood or metal at the apex, to allow the air, if too violently compressed, to escape, and thus steady the machine, or prevent it from 'flurting,' as it is called.

"The parachute is commonly hung at the bottom of the car of the balloon, from which the aeronaut can slide down by a rope to the little car of the parachute. The parachute is fastened in by a slip-knot arrangement, which can be pulled out by another cord—and then down you go!

"But the parachute, which has hung shut up, opens as you fall, and spreads its huge surface to catch the air. Though your fall is fearfully rapid for a few seconds, the velocity is soon checked and reduced to a slow uniform motion downward.

"Not always, however. A parachute will sometimes play some queer pranks, as we found out by experimenting with one the second spring of our business connection with the adroit professor.

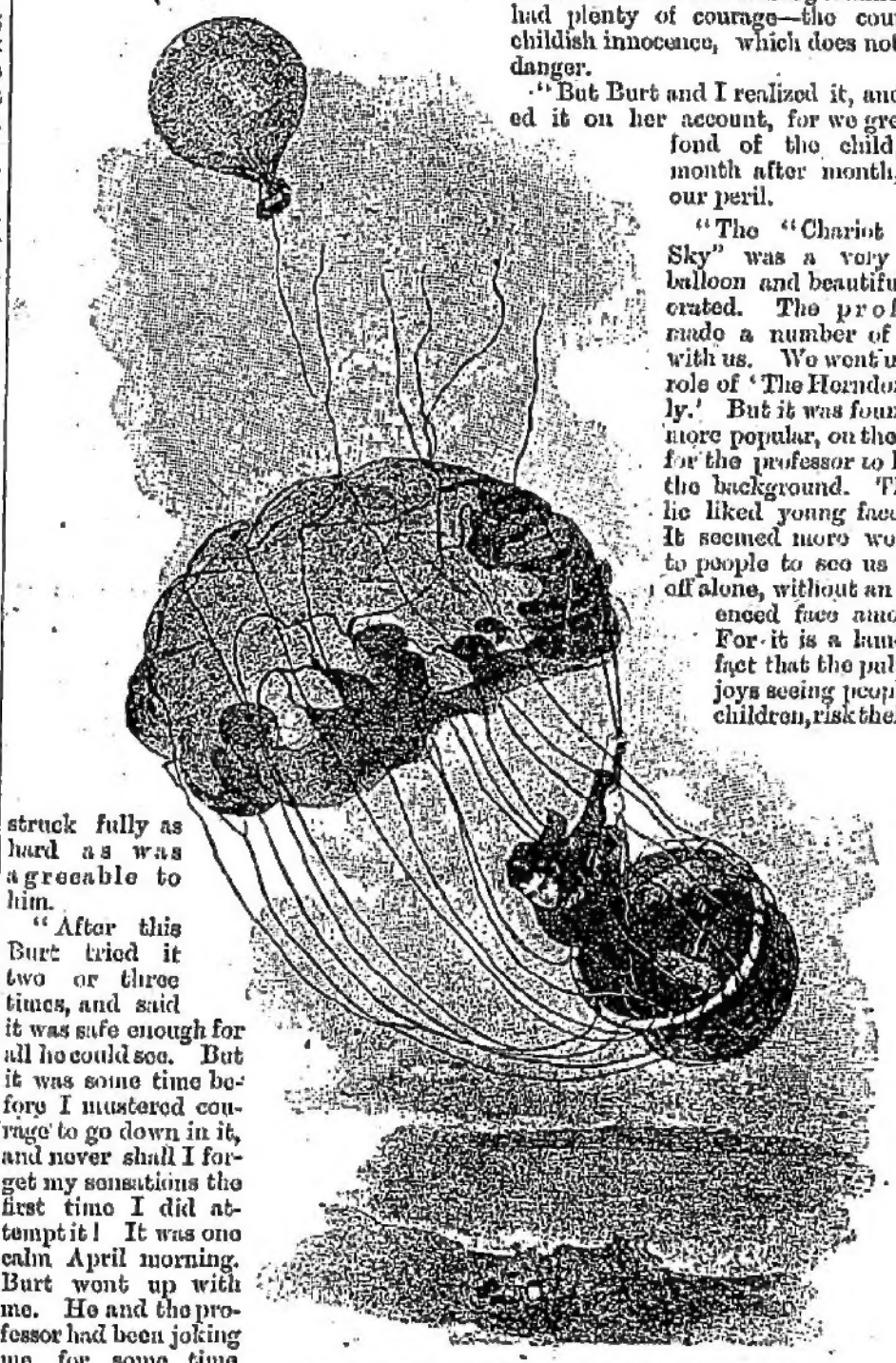
"I may add, concerning the parachute, that it is not at present much used by balloonists, and, when used, is now employed mainly to amuse or astonish the crowd at public ascents. Yet there are emergencies when a parachute will save an aeronaut's life.

"The professor had one made for trial. He was not much used to parachutes himself at that time. We inflated the balloon and made several ascents, expressly to test it. At first we put bags of ballast into the car of the parachute, and let them drop. Immediately we learned this important fact, that to have the parachute avail anything, it is necessary to start from a considerable height.

"When dropped from an elevation of a hundred feet only, it had no time to unfold and act on the air; car and ballast came to the ground like a stone. But at the height of twelve hundred feet, the fall was checked, and the parachute came gently to the earth. We tried it with ballast twenty times, I should think. Then the professor declared himself ready to go down in it, and got into the car. We were ten or twelve hundred feet from the ground. It was perfectly calm.

"'Ready!' he called up to us.

"Burt pulled the knot, and down went our senior, like a shot at first; then he seemed almost to stop; then went dodging about, this way and that, till he reached the ground: and we imagined that he struck fully as hard as was agreeable to him.



"HE LOOKED DOWN AT THE CRUEL EARTH."

"After this Burt tried it two or three times, and said it was safe enough for all he could see. But it was some time before I mustered courage to go down in it, and never shall I forget my sensations the first time I did attempt it! It was one calm April morning. Burt went up with me. He and the professor had been joking me for some time about it. I thought it might be as well to try it then as to dread it any longer; so I slid down into the parachute car, and laid hold of the cords. We were up about ten hundred feet.

"'Are you ready?' asked Burt.

"'Yes,' I responded, gripping the cords.

"Then he let me drop.

"For the first seventy-five or hundred feet I felt the wind whistle through my hair. I thought surely I was going to my death! Then the parachute seemed to stop, and fetch up with a jerk almost. Then it lunged off sideways; then went off on the other tack, and every time it gave a lunge, the air would flurt out from under it with an explosive noise. Instead of coming perpendicularly down, I landed some two or three hundred feet to the left, and on a pile of stones, which hurt my feet outrageously.

"But perhaps I am giving a rather unfavorable account of parachutes," the professor continued. "I am free to confess that I do not like them, and I have only too good reason for my dislike; but they are usually popular. There is something curious, too, in the effect they have on a crowd. Let the people be never so noisy, a parachute will turn them all as mute as statues, and when at length it touches the ground, every individual will draw a long breath.

"McClintock did most of the parachute feats that season.

"Throughout the Southern States our parachute was the attraction that year and the next, though during this next summer, the professor brought out a far more 'taking' attraction; nothing less, in fact, than his own little daughter, Mabel Herndon. It always seemed very strange to me that he should allow his own child to encounter the perils of a balloon ascent, even in the calmest weather. Though a good-hearted man, the professor was a little queer.

"Mabel was hardly five years old. Of course, such a child would be popular with the public, for she was a little blue-eyed, golden-haired fairy, and she would lean over the edge of the car, and throw kisses down in the most charming manner. She had plenty of courage—the courage of childish innocence, which does not realize danger.

"But Burt and I realized it, and dreaded it on her account, for we grew very fond of the child, who, month after month, shared our peril.

"The "Chariot of the Sky" was a very pretty balloon and beautifully decorated. The professor made a number of ascents with us. We went up in the role of 'The Herndon Family.' But it was found to be more popular, on the whole, for the professor to keep in the background. The public liked young faces best. It seemed more wonderful to people to see us launch off alone, without an experienced face among us. For it is a lamentable fact that the public enjoys seeing people, even children, risk their lives, so long as they do it fearlessly and amusingly.

"A public character, especially a balloonist, must look brave and laugh carelessly, even if his heart is fluttering with fear; for with us then everything depended on pleasing the crowd.

"During the second year came the ever-memorable day to which I have alluded—memorable to me, at least, all my life.

"We had ascended that day from a place in the suburbs of Baltimore—Burt and I and little Mabel; and we had the parachute on. In fact, we had carried it all the season, but when Mabel went up, Burt did not descend in it, as she needed the care of both of us.

"It was a calm, fair afternoon, with just a breath of air stirring from the south-east, but at a height of five thousand feet, as indicated by our barometer, we entered a current more from the south-west, which took us off in a north-easterly direction. Nor was it a current peculiar to the upper-air region, but a widely extended breeze, setting toward the bay.

"This fact became too evident to us when we let off gas to descend. For, as we came down to within a thousand feet, we found the current stronger than it was aloft. Had Burt and I been alone, we should probably have tossed out our grapnels and risked an attempt to land; but having Mabel with us made it a different matter.

"It never'll answer," Burt whispered; and he threw over every pound of ballast.

"Upward we went again and in twenty-five minutes had reached a greater height than before. Our idea was to get up out of the south-west wind, into some counter current, and be carried off north or west of the breeze which was setting toward the bay. We had already gained considerable practical knowledge of the air-currents and their mode of action. In this case we were so far correct in our calculations, that at the height above stated, we found a gentle south-easterly current in which we drifted for an hour or more, up toward Gettysburg.

"But it was now drawing toward night. The necessity of an immediate descent forced itself upon us. Again Burt opened the valve and we sank gradually out of the upper current; but at a height of four thousand feet the southwest wind again took us off. As our ballast was now all overboard it was out of our power to ascend again, even had we been so disposed.

"'Well, we must take our chances,' Burt said. 'But, Frank, old boy, if anything should happen to-day—there! what am I talking about?' he exclaimed; and taking the blankets he wrapped them around Mabel and told her to cuddle down in the bottom of the car.

"'Give me a kiss, Mabe,' he said, as he set her down in the most secure place.

"'You're not afraid, are you, Mabe?' he continued.

"'No, I isn't 'faid,' she replied, in her pretty, little composed way; 'but I'so cold. What makes us up so high when it's so near night?'

"'Never mind, little moppet,' said Burt; 'we shall soon be down now.'

"How often have I thought of what Burt said, and his way of speaking to me—since!

"The wind took us steadily north-east; but we kept letting off gas, and were rapidly descending into a partially cleared country, with the blue Chesapeake showing plainly not very far ahead. But as we were now only two thousand feet from the ground, we supposed that we had country enough to effect a landing.

"We had, however, failed utterly to allow for the strength and velocity of the 'grounder.' At twelve hundred feet we were swept along with great swiftness, and seemed scarcely to sink at all, though a stream of gas was constantly leaving the envelopes.

"Up to that moment I, at least, had not been greatly alarmed; but now the danger of our being carried out over the water and coming down into the bay began to look very great. I glanced at Burt. He was looking earnestly ahead, but still held the valve open. It seemed the only way.

"But at eight hundred feet from the ground, we were hardly three miles from the shore, and flying along at the mercy of the wind.

"The crisis rushed upon us in a moment, and we saw our fearful mistake.

"'Burt, we sha'n't fetch down!' I cried.

"'No,' said he, 'we must cross the bay, if we can;' and he let the valve close.

"What followed all came in a few seconds.

"Both of us jumped to open the locker, and pitch over the canteens of water, and the bread and tools—then our spare grapnel and even the blankets round Mabel—and then our coats; but we had already let too much gas go to feel much effect from this. Lower and lower we tended, to where the ruffled sea glittered menacingly, just ahead.

"'There's only one thing to be done!' Burt exclaimed; and before I fairly comprehended his meaning, he swung down

by the lines into the basket of the parachute.

"'Don't do it, Burt!' I cried. 'The wind is too high.'

"'Mind the balloon, Frank, and look out for Mabe!' he called back, in a firm, clear voice. 'You're all right to cross the bay now;' and he pulled out the knot.

"The parachute, as we flew, hung aslant. The moment he fell clear of the car, the wind caught it. As the 'umbrella' opened, the wind seemed to double one-half of it under and within the other.

"The basket whirled around. At the same instant I saw Burt's hands, with all his quick young strength trying to untwine the cords, but in vain. He had fallen a hundred feet already. Then for the first time he glanced up, with a gesture of despair—perhaps 'good-bye'; then he looked down at the cruel earth. Yet once more he turned his face upward—in prayer, it may be.

"I shut my eyes; I could have thrown myself down after him. Mabel had got up beside me.

"'Poor Burtie!' she lisped. 'Wa'n't he 'Fraid? What made him go in 'e' pallysute?'

"My poor comrade had fallen from a height of at least five hundred feet and was, of course, instantly killed. Several men who had been watching us ran to the spot where he had fallen—on some ledges a few hundred yards back from the shore.

"Thus died Burt McClintock, as noble and as brave a boy as ever laid down his life for his friend. He was not quite twenty-two.

"The balloon, thus dearly lightened, rose rapidly. But for little Mabel's sake I would rather have gone down into the bay. In a short time we had crossed to the east shore, where we effected a landing, in the twilight, near a great pine-tree, two or three miles from the bay.

"That was my last balloon ascent that season. For a time I thought of abandoning my profession altogether; and I closed my connection with the professor with that intention. One and another circumstance, however, drew me back to the study of aerostatics, and I hope that the discoveries and devices I have made justify my choice of a profession."—*Henry G. Willis, in Youth's Companion.*

CIGARETTE SMOKING.

(By Dr. Titus Munson Coan in Harper's Young People.)

What a wonderful distiller of poisons is nature. The active principles of opium, *hashish*, tea, coffee, and tobacco are only most widely known. Among many others, whether in excess or in moderation, these stimulants and alcohol are used by probably three-fourths of the adult population of the world, and it would be a hard thing to estimate their effects, for evil or for good. Tobacco is more generally used, according to the best estimates, than any other stimulant.

Does it surprise you to hear tea and coffee classed with opium and tobacco as among nature's poisons? The active principles, so called, of all these substances are poisonous; but it does not follow, as we all know, that the use of the substances themselves is necessarily injurious. Even strychnia and aconite have their medicinal uses. But the active or essential principle of tobacco is one of the strongest of all the vegetable poisons that I have mentioned, and when we see so much injury resulting from its use among young people, we may well stop and ask whether the evil is not one that can be kept in check.

The particular evil that I have in mind is that of cigarette smoking by boys, and the persons to whom I want to speak are the boys themselves and their parents.

Now I am not going to indulge in any general tirade against smoking, though from my own early training it might be expected that I should do so. My father was the strictest sort of a disciplinarian in this matter, especially in his church, and he was for many years the pastor of the largest missionary church in the world. There was especial reason for his strictness. In the Hawaiian Islands the natives took to smoking with the greatest eagerness, as all primitive people do when tobacco is first introduced. They learn how to grow their own tobacco after a time, and they use stumpy wooden pipes. A ring of these people, sitting in one of their thatched huts, would pass the pipe around, each one of them not merely inhaling the smoke, but breathing it deep down into the lungs, so that after a few pipefuls of the heavy narcotic the whole group would be plunged into a tobacco drunkenness, from which it took them a long time to recover. My father made this sort of thing an offence against church discipline, with penalties of some kind for the more obdurate tobacco drunkards, and I dare say he was quite right.

Now what the ignorant islanders did was precisely what many cigarette smokers do among us. The inbreathing of the smoke throws the poison directly upon the blood, and nothing can be more injurious than to tamper in this way with the delicate tissues that grow around the fountains of life. I would a greatedeal rather blow steady currents of smoke into the works of the most delicate watch than into my lungs; these are a more delicate piece of machinery. The paleness, the giddiness, the injured sleep and digestion, that come from this sort of poisoning are the surest proof of the injury it works. Of course there are people who can stand it, as there are people that can eat arsenic or swallow glass for a time and not seem to be hurt. But that does not make it the less injurious.

Some people, however, smoke cigarettes without inhaling the smoke. Very well; I will ask them if they know what a cigarette is. It is a roll of tobacco, usually of poor quality, the poorness of which is partly hidden by a paper wrapper. I do not say that good tobacco is not sometimes used in cigarettes; but that is the exception. Of twenty brands that boys buy cheap in the cigar shops it is a *glowing optimism to* expect that more than one will be even decently good—as goodness is counted in tobacco. If one is going to smoke at all, it is not boys, but tough men, that can withstand the effects of bad tobacco burned in paper. The adult smoker who makes his own cigarettes out of a tobacco that he knows all about may or may not injure himself, according to his constitution and to the amount of his smoking. The boy who buys cigarettes is sure to injure himself.

Now I will take the most favorable case of all, and the rarest. Suppose a boy has a lot of good cigarettes, and smokes a few of them every day. Is there any injury in that?

I can tell you, for I had such boys for patients. Such smoking, even in so-called moderation—as if there were such thing as moderation in stimulants for the young!—will do three things for him: 1, it will run his pulse up to one hundred or more per minute; 2, it will reduce his weight below the healthy standard; and 3, it will reduce his strength and general vitality, as will appear in his pale complexion and his diminished appetite.

If this is true of boys' smoking under the least injurious conditions, how much truer is it in the more frequent case where bad and adulterated tobacco and excessive smoking combine in their attack upon the delicate tissues of the growing lad! The physiologist will tell you that the effect of stimulants in general is to check the changes it tissue. In a growing animal of any kind this means to check the growth. The dog-fancier is said *to give whiskey to the puppy* when he wishes to stunt its growth. I do not know whether he has taught puppies to smoke, but it would be a good way to keep them from growing. I went to see some hair seals lately that were advertised to smoke and do a good many other things that were not necessary for seals to do, and I noticed that when the *showman put* lighted pipes in their mouths there was not the least smell of tobacco. Of course the seals did no more than hold the pipes in their mouths, inhaling the smoke being something quite beyond them. Not that animals cannot be taught to use stimulants; it has been done. Dogs and monkeys have been taught to drink beer, and cats *to like* bread that has been soaked in it. Animals are much more human than we are apt to suppose. But all this proves nothing as to our point. We want to make up our minds, just now, not as to what may be done with stimulants, but as to the injury that we know they inflict upon the young.

The simple fact is that young people need no stimulants of any kind, unless as medicines. Tea and coffee are not good for children, and it is a mistake to give them to children. Much more are cigarettes injurious, *because tobacco is a much stronger* stimulant than tea or coffee. And what to do about it?

Nothing is more surprising than the apathy of many parents on this question. The father who forbids tea or coffee to his boy as absolutely as he would forbid absinthe makes but the mildest protest against cigarettes, and the hopeful youngster may be seen in the street, in all his pride, all a-puff with cheap tobacco. It is, of course, with the parent that the cure exists and that the reform must begin. I am quite old fashioned enough to believe that the rule of obedience which my father enforced in this matter upon his children as well as on his church members is the only way out of the trouble, unless the young smoker be one of those poor *waifs* that we see in our great cities so frequently who have no parents or guardians to disobey. But where there is a home and a parent there is no better occasion for authority than in this matter of smoking.

It is of no use, of course, to point out the trials and troubles of learning to smoke. No youngster but is cheerfully willing to brave them, for nothing gives him so much of a sense of "manliness," as he imagines it, as the mastery of this accomplishment. The parents may do much by pointing out *the foolishness* of this notion, at least in the case where the child is disposed to think for himself. My father settled all this matter for his children by a laugh. "There goes another chimney!" was his remark when a smoker went by. We were not "*too good*" in Hilo, but I do not think that any one of our little community of *playmates, some half a dozen in* number, ever had the least wish to indulge in these forbidden pleasures. Doubtless this was partly due to the fact that there were no street loafers (*at least with white skins*) from whom we could learn bad manners.

In conclusion: cigarette *smoking* is one of the worst of habits, physically, that a boy can form. *It injures the heart and* the digestion, and it tends to check the growth. It gives a bad false and silly notions, and it does not bring him into good company. The parent's duty is a simple one. Let him point out the injuriousness of the habit; let him laugh at it; and if this is not enough, as it should be with any right-feeling boy, then let him forbid it with penalties, and do seasonably what is to be done. I am not of those who think that severe measures are often necessary in the management of children that receive a careful and affectionate training. But if, in some cases, nothing else will do, it is well to consider that a switch in time saves nine.

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

Please work out this problem and think it over:—

A poor man, 70 years of age, was sent to the almshouse. Had he saved the money spent for tobacco since he was 20 years of age, providing he spent an average of $30 a year, how much would he have had?

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Question Corner.—No. 15.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

45. What nation or tribe was for deceit condemned to perpetual bondage?

46. (a) When was the tabernacle first set up in Palestine, and (b) when was its use discontinued?

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